

PUCK BUILDING, New York, March 29th, 1911.

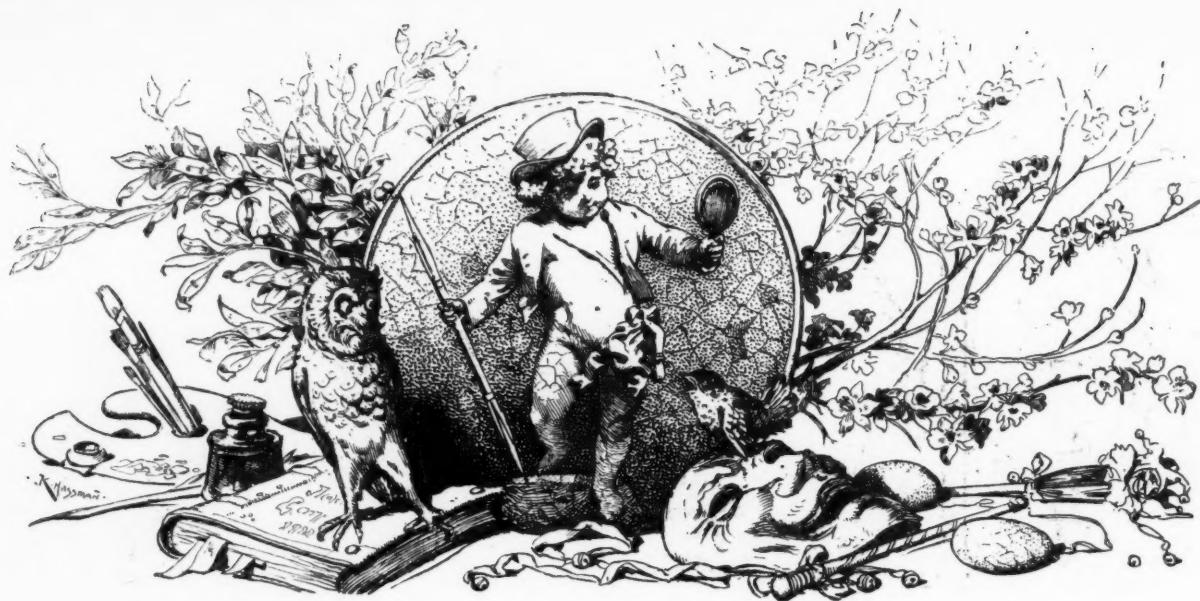
VOL. LXIX. No. 1778.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

# PUCK



BERT.  
GREEN.



Published by  
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.  
J. KEPPLER, Pres.; A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.;  
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.  
295-300 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK  
No. 1778. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1911.  
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

### Cartoons and Comments

**THE HUMOROUS MONROE DOCTRINE.** It has never been claimed, so far as we know, that there is any humor in the Monroe Doctrine, and so it is with considerable hesitancy and trepidation that we think—merely think—that we have found some. It is not only humor, but rich humor, genuine humor, humor which we believe even JAMES MONROE himself, were he alive, would enjoy. In his justly famous message MONROE, on behalf of the United States, announced that “we should consider any attempt on their [European Powers] part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.” That was in 1823. In the year 1909, according to the *Bulletin* of the Pan-American Union, England or Englishmen took \$250,000,000 in dividends out of the Argentine alone, which, for all practical purposes, it seems to us, amounts to a quite successful extension of the British system to the western hemisphere. Probably it so impresses those who receive the dividends—dividends from railroads, waterworks, and other public utilities, which in the Argentine are owned by Englishmen; and inasmuch as the Monroe Doctrine simply discourages the extension to South America of a certain red flag with the cross of St. George upon it, it is unlikely that the recipients of those dividends feel in the slightest aggrieved because “we, the people of the United States,” wear a chip on our shoulder named after JAMES MONROE. What is true of England in respect to South American countries is equally true of Germany, and more or

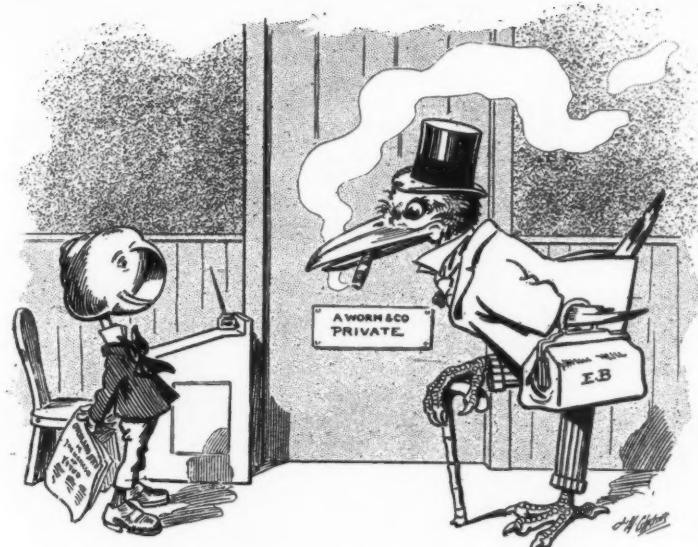
less of other European nations. Doubtless they all are perfectly willing to abide by the Monroe Doctrine so long as we have no objection to their going, unofficially but very systematically, into South America and taking large sums of money out of it annually through legitimate business enterprises. The United States, which through the doctrine of MONROE exercises a sort of protectorate over South America, doesn’t know South America at all. With European Powers, against invasion by

which the United States presumes to protect South America, South America is on terms of closest commercial intimacy. *We* think, most of us, that South America is a collection of half-breeds living in huts built of sugar-cane. Europe *knows* that South America is one of the richest, most cultured, most active sections of the civilized globe. Once, it is true, *we* knew it also, but that was long ago, in the days of clipper ships and low tariffs, when we considered trade with other nations a desirable thing to have. From our studied aloofness toward South American opportunities in these latter days one would judge we included ourselves in the list of hostile European Powers, and took the Monroe Doctrine to mean that any attempt on our part to extend our commerce or capital to South American territory we would regard as dangerous to our own peace and safety. Truly, it is to laugh, but also it is to weep.



**IN PLACES where he is scorned and vilified the most, there perhaps the Muckraker renders the greatest service. The Muckraker has ceased to rake muck; he is doing useful work. He is taking the place of President TAFT. A Republican contemporary has a cartoon in which he is credited with being the inspiration of Congress in the coming revision of the wool schedule. If the Muckraker had n’t been handy to take the blame, truth would have required the substitution of the name of WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT; for it was not a Muckraker, but President TAFT, a Republican, who plainly stated: “The woolen schedule is indefensible, and I propose to say so.”**

# PUCK



THE EARLY BIRD.—I'd like to see Mr. Worm. Is he in?

THE OFFICE-BOY.—No, sir. Mr. Worm does n't get down much before half-past ten or eleven o'clock.

## FASHION NOTES FOR THE YEAR 1925.

**C**OMBINATIONS of silk and velvet are most popular with members of Congress. Mrs. Electra Gotthere wore a superb combination of mauve velvet and silk one day last week when she made her great speech on the bill limiting the right of suffrage to married men only. Mrs. Getthere's hat was an exact match for her gown, and it was generally remarked at the close of her speech that she was the best-dressed Congresswoman present. Congresswoman Brazenly was in olive-green velvet with little touches of pale pink satin here and there, and she carried a pink feather fan with feathers of the exact shade of the long plumes in her hat. These ladies are the acknowledged leaders of fashion in Congress, and it is said that one of them will soon introduce a bill calling for the removing of the duty on all articles of feminine apparel brought from foreign ports to the United States.

Electioneering gowns are now made mostly of a new kind of broad-cloth with a sheen like satin. They are made just short enough to escape the ground, so that ladies may hurry from place to place easier and quicker than if they were hindered by long trains, which are now worn chiefly by ladies of the Senate and House of Representatives. Senator Screemer wore a court train sixteen feet in length yesterday when she was inducted into office. The Senate adjourned three hours earlier than usual that the Senators might attend a display of gowns and millinery on exhibition by Mr. C. Primper Addlepage, a man *modiste* and milliner from

Paris, who is to be given an afternoon tea by the Senate to-morrow. The Speaker of the House, Hon. Mary Sarah Cara Brawler, will receive with Mr. Addlepage, and Congresswomen Skreech and Scrabb will preside at the tea-tables.

The full bench of the Supreme Court met last night and voted unanimously that hereafter tiaras of diamonds or other precious stones must be worn on the Bench together with *décolleté* gowns of ruby velvet and Irish point lace. Chief-Judge Wrangler has already ordered a tiara of diamonds and pigeon-blood rubies, and court adjourned yesterday that she might run over to New York to select a gown to wear at the forthcoming bridge-party at the White House next week.

Mrs. Anastasia Annabelle Nerve, Secretary of the Interior, wore a most fetching gown of *gendarme* blue and silver when she and Miss Olivia Olympia Manchester, Secretary of the Navy, went over to New York one day last week to shop for a few days. The meetings of the Cabinet will be omitted until they return. Members of the Cabinet are planning to wear very handsome street costumes at their morning meetings. In the event of special evening meetings the usual evening dress will be worn.

Mrs. Evangeline C. Fitzhallow M. Bussler, our new Minister to Great Britain, left yesterday for her new post of duty, taking with her one hundred and sixty-five trunks and three of her favorite dogs, who will be cared for by her husband, who goes expressly for this purpose. Mrs. Bussler will spend her first month abroad in Paris, having some gowns made for the coming London season. It is confidently expected that she will be the best-gowned of any of our Ministers to other lands, although our new Minister to Russia, Madame E. Eva Everett, will be a close second when it comes to gowns. Congress will soon be asked to double the pay of all of our Ministers to foreign lands, that they may dress as ladies in their public positions should dress. *Morris Wade.*

## PRIVILEGE.

VISITOR.—Why don't you get out of this town? You can never make a success in this dull hole.

NATIVE.—No, but I can always tell what I could have done elsewhere if I'd ever have gone away.



**W**hen we make mountains out of mole-hills it is difficult to persuade other people to adopt our views of the topographical effect.

## PUCK



LIKE CURES LIKE.

HAT-PIN-PROOF DERBY PATENTED BY THE GENTLEMEN'S  
PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

### THE PURITAN PESSIMIST.

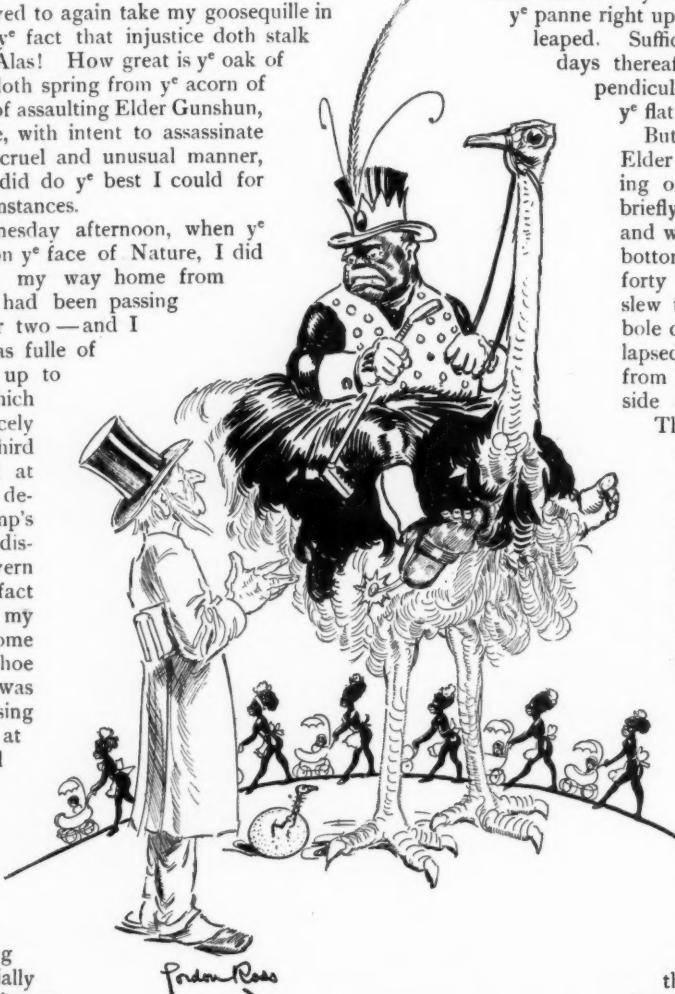
(Being a Veracious Excerpt from the Journal of A. SMOLLETT, Pilgrim and Martyr.)

**T**OW AM I, Adoniram Smollett, moved to again take my goosequillie in hande, this time to sette down y<sup>e</sup> fact that injustice doth stalk abroad in y<sup>e</sup> lande. Alas! How great is y<sup>e</sup> oak of suspition that oft doth spring from y<sup>e</sup> acorn of fact: I am accused of assaulting Elder Gunshun, that austere manne, with intent to assassinate and slay him in a cruel and unusual manner, when in reality I did do y<sup>e</sup> best I could for him under y<sup>e</sup> circumstances.



On last Wednesday afternoon, when y<sup>e</sup> sleetie was so slick on y<sup>e</sup> face of Nature, I did start to adventure my way home from y<sup>e</sup> tavern where I had been passing a peaceful hour or two—and I maintain that I was fulle of schnappes onlie up to y<sup>e</sup> umbilicus, which for me is scarcely more than one-third capacity. In due season I arrived at y<sup>e</sup> top of Bump's Hille. Not that I desired in y<sup>e</sup> least to go there, for Bump's justlie-celebrated hille is a goodlie distance out of a straight line from y<sup>e</sup> tavern to my abode. But, owing to y<sup>e</sup> fact that I have on y<sup>e</sup> lower end of my wooden legge a short spike, or, as some call it, "stob," and as y<sup>e</sup> sole of y<sup>e</sup> shoe on y<sup>e</sup> extremity of my goode legge was worn somewhat smooth, in progressing over y<sup>e</sup> sleetie y<sup>e</sup> stob stuck in y<sup>e</sup> ice at each steppe, while y<sup>e</sup> leatherne sole did slippe back. Thus it was that I progressed in y<sup>e</sup> course of time in something of a semi-circle and arrived at y<sup>e</sup> top of y<sup>e</sup> hille when I should have been fully a furlong to one side thereof.

Just as I reached y<sup>e</sup> top of y<sup>e</sup> hille, as aforesaid, and was studying about descending—not that I especially wished to go down y<sup>e</sup> hille, but, being at y<sup>e</sup> top, I could not well ascend it—I met Elder Gunshun nearlie at y<sup>e</sup> summit, coming up and frowning most blacklie when he saw me. Thereat, to show him I was also free and equal, I did essay to greet him with a pompous courtesy, in y<sup>e</sup> course



UNANSWERABLE.

MISSIONARY.—But what have you against Christianity, my good brother?

CANNIBAL KING.—Well, there's too many clothes go with it for a man with forty wives.

**A** self-made man is frequently a very creditable piece of work until he attempts decorative effects in the finish.

of which I did slippe up and shoot forward, and my legges passed under y<sup>e</sup> goode manne's arms, throwing him on his backe. And thus in an instant did y<sup>e</sup> Elder and I, neither of whom until that moment had felt any great use for each other, sette out down y<sup>e</sup> long hille in this order: Y<sup>e</sup> Elder sliding headforemost on his backe and Y<sup>r</sup> humble & Ob<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup> astride of his wishbone and riding him down y<sup>e</sup> slope like a bobbie-sledde. I earlie saw that we were in for it, and when y<sup>e</sup> Elder cried aloud: "Y<sup>e</sup> Lorde be with us!" I answered: "In that event we will all three be going some!"

Y<sup>e</sup> Elder is a lank manne and much given to bones, and y<sup>e</sup> hille was humpy with many little knobbes, so y<sup>e</sup> ride was not for either of us as comfortable as might have been, albeit I steered as well as I was able with my heele and y<sup>e</sup> stob. But, at that, y<sup>e</sup> slide filled me with exhilarating memories of y<sup>e</sup> days of my boyhoode when I had two goode legges and was wont to go careering bellie-buster down all y<sup>e</sup> hilles there were. And in my mind I did hark back to one occasion when, having previously broken my sledde, I essayed to slide down a long hille sitting in an iron warming-panne. All went well, I recalled, until I remarked to myself how hot y<sup>e</sup> day had suddenlie grown. Very presently thereafter I did yelle most weirdful and ghastful, and endeavor to leap up from y<sup>e</sup> warming-panne. But, like unto a roast

that through inattention hath baked to y<sup>e</sup> iron, I brought y<sup>e</sup> panne right up with me when I leaped. Suffice it to say that for days thereafter I did eat perpendicularly and sleepe on y<sup>e</sup> flatte of my stummacke.

But to get back to y<sup>e</sup> Elder and myself: Thinking of y<sup>e</sup> happy past, I briefly forgot my steering, and when we were near y<sup>e</sup> bottom of y<sup>e</sup> hille, and progressing like unto forty dogges after a catte, y<sup>e</sup> Elder did slew to one side, whang headlong against y<sup>e</sup> bole of a tree, and stop, senseless and collapsed. At y<sup>e</sup> same time I did hoppe off from him and dive ahead, slightlie to one side of y<sup>e</sup> tree, and sustained no injury.

Then did I light out with a bottle of schnapps for my cave.

That night did my Indean friend, Cooshequaw, who had been pussie-footing round y<sup>e</sup> settlement, sneak into my cobbler-shoppe, and inform me that y<sup>e</sup> women of y<sup>e</sup> Colony were even then holding an indignation meeting at y<sup>e</sup> home of Dame Clacke, and passing resolutions, declaring that I had deliberately and with malice aforethought assaulted y<sup>e</sup> Elder and rode him down

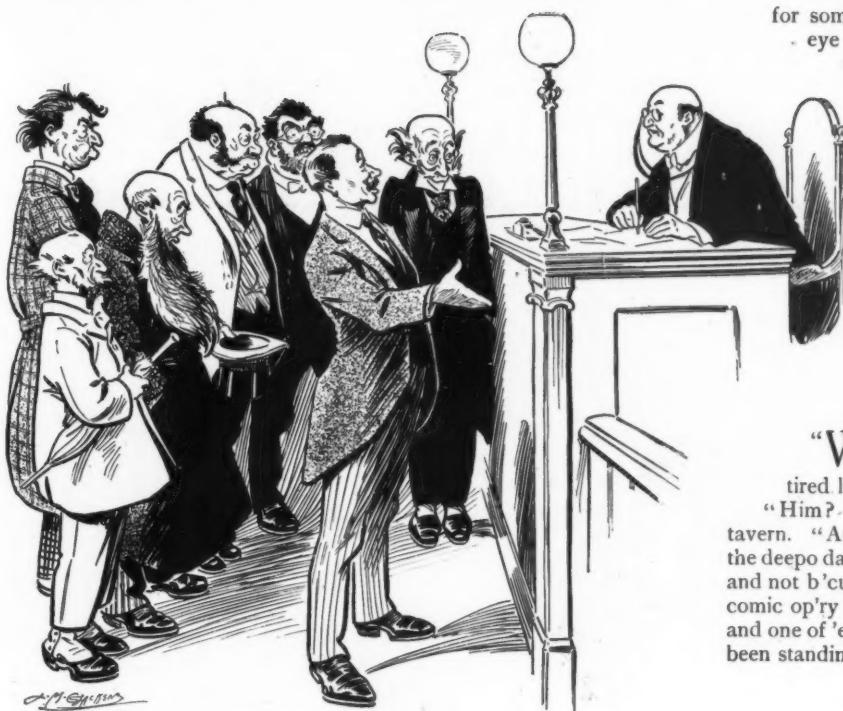
y<sup>e</sup> hille, and that, at y<sup>e</sup> very least, I should be ostracised. That, of course, was not as bad as I had anticipated, but I still think I was wise in taking no chances, for, as helle itself hath no fury like a packe of women when their pastor is assailed, there is no telling what they might have done had they had opportunity to get started on me. Anybody who would stop to

think would know that if I had done it for funne I would certainlie for my own comfort have picked out a fat Elder to go bobbe-sledding on, rather than a thinne one, mostlie bones. But, verily, women do not think!

ADONIRAM SMOLLETT,  
His Hande & Penne.  
Tom P. Morgan.



## PUCK

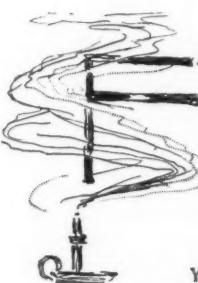


AN OBVIOUS NEED.

LAWYER.—Your Honor, I have here six alienists who will swear that my client is insane.

JUDGE.—Well, counsel, where are the experts to swear that your alienists are not crazy?

THE PASSING SPENDTHRIFT.



Alas! I have squandered my life away,  
And now my hands and lips are gray;  
Poor and shivering and alone  
I face the threat of the Great Unknown;  
For the careless chums of a day gone by  
Under the good brown earth *they* lie,  
And never a comrade in revelry  
Is left at the last to comfort me!

Yet, had they lived to the "gray and sere,"  
That joyous company would be here,  
To lighten with mirth and wine and song  
The start of a trip that may be long,  
While a hint of tears in their eyes would show,  
Proving they hated to see me go.  
If I had regrets they could all go hang,  
It is worth them all to have known that gang!

I plunged at life like a gambling game,  
I took my merriment as it came,  
And now that I've lost and the cash is spent  
I've had my gamble, and I'm content!  
So waste no pity and shed no tears,  
I have the memory of my years;  
And when Death comes with his summons grim  
He'll find me ready to go with him!

Berton Braley.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

A NEWSPAPER in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, has a great wag on its staff. He proposes, with delightful seriousness, that Canada shall annex the State of Maine, and offers the excellent reason that anyone who looks at the map can see that Maine juts into Canada in a manner that is jarring to the well-ordered mind. Maine bulges out into Canada; consequently Maine belongs to Canada. There have been far worse reasons offered for territorial kleptomania.

Perhaps, though, the Charlottetown joker did n't see that the joke has a "joker." To the citizen of the United States who has even a rudimentary knowledge of the State of Maine the cream of the jest lies in a conjecture as to what would happen to Canada after it annexed Maine. The Dominion capital would, naturally, be transferred to Augusta. The next election returns would show a plurality

for some son of Aroostook with two feet of whiskers and a placid eye for business. Before the end of the year said whiskered son would have negotiated the sale of Canada's share of the Arctic Ocean. Maine would be exempt from any payment of taxes, and an import duty would be levied on all goods not intended to be consumed by the citizens of Maine. And from that point to the abdication of King George, who would be charged with not properly representing the spirit of the people of Maine, would be but a logical step.

Oh, Canadian brothers, prod not the sleeping wasp! Between the New Hampshire and New Brunswick lines reposes thirty-three thousand square miles of concentrated trouble—the original package of Kick. And he doeth well who lets it there repose.

OPEN-FACED.

"WHAT is the matter with that fellow over there, yawning his head off?" inquired the patent-churn man. "What has tired him so?"

"Him? Aw, that's Elmer Sagg," replied the landlord of the Skeedee tavern. "And he ain't tired, either; he's interested. Elmer went down to the deepo day before yesterday to see the train go through, just out o' habit, and not b'cuz he expected to behold anything unusual. And there was a comic op'ry troupe on board, with a special car filled with chorus girls, and one of 'em blew a kiss at him and called him 'Skeezicks!' And he's been standin' open-mouthed ever since."

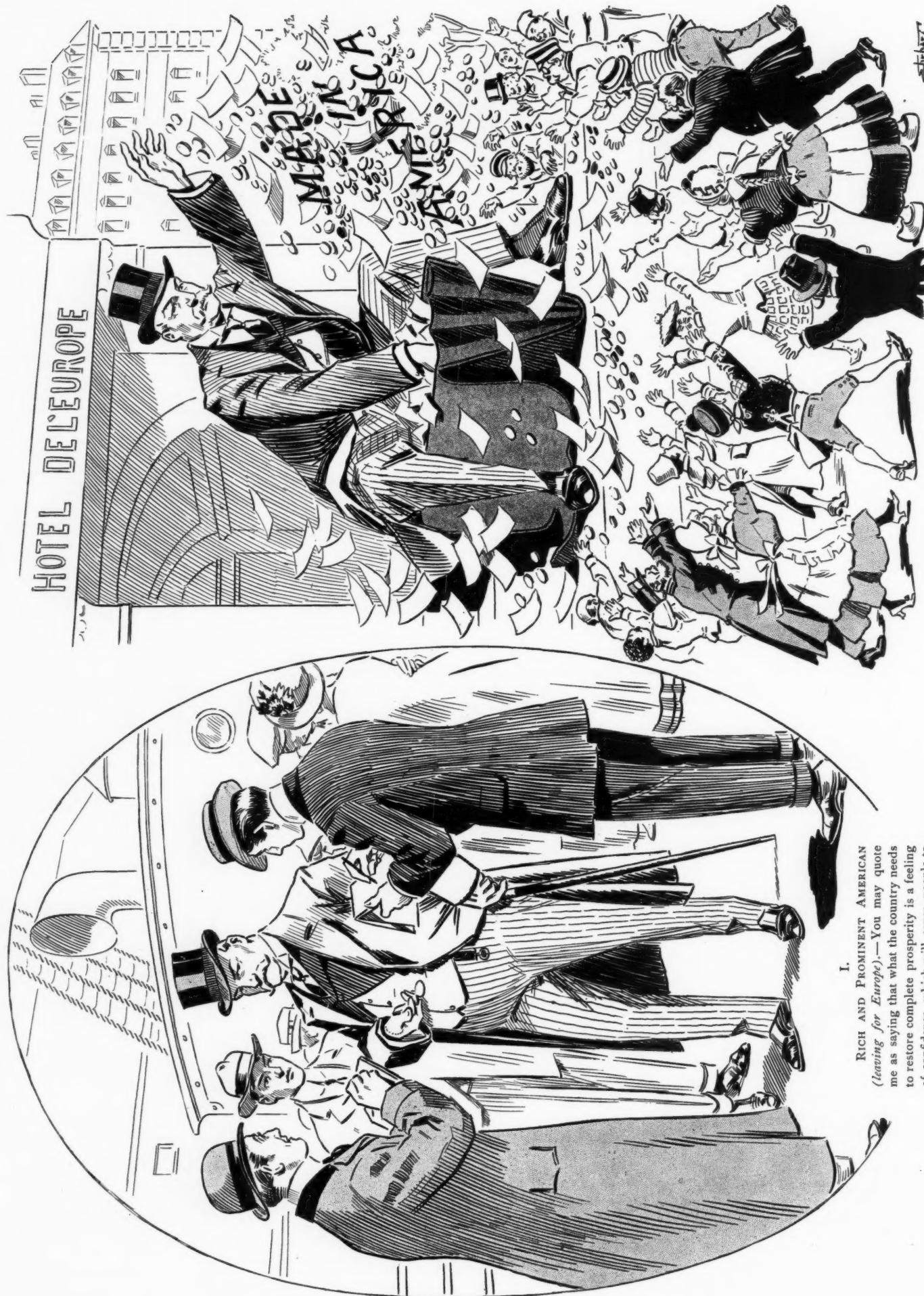


BETWEEN FRIENDS.

St. Paul and St. Peter were strolling one day  
Over the stones of the Appian Way.  
They came to a tavern. Said Peter: "Methinks  
'T would be well here to tarry and shake for the drinks!"

The very first throw, Peter threw five sevens.  
Paul was surprised, and exclaimed: "Good Heavens!  
That's a wonderful throw! But all the same,  
Miracles don't go in a friendly game!"

WHY DOES N'T HE STAY IN AMERICA AND PRACTICE WHAT HE PREACHES?



I.  
RICH AND PROMINENT AMERICAN  
(*Leaving for Europe*).—You may quote  
me as saying that what the country needs  
to restore complete prosperity is a feeling  
of confidence, which will cause people to  
spend their money freely and not to hoard it.  
Anything which will help in the slightest  
to attain this end, it is the duty of every good  
American to do.

VIEW OF RICH AND PROMINENT AMERICAN SPENDING HIS MONEY FREELY — ABROAD!

## Too Optimistic.



**T**is not always best, my friend,  
To laugh and jest at Fate;  
Some people do not comprehend  
This optimistic state.

I knew a cheerful character  
Who always laughed, he said.  
No matter what the weather was,  
Nor what the skies o'erhead.

One day, while in a driving storm,  
He laughed the more it blew;  
His teeth were chattering with the cold,  
His clothes soaked through and through;

When by there came an officer  
Of mind and body pale,  
Who took him for a lunatic  
And marched him off to jail!

M. E. Bubler.

### MUSIC AND MOTORS.

**T**HE *dernier cri* of automobile appurtenances is the symphonic horn. And as we sit upon our porches during the summer evenings and listen to them we congratulate ourselves upon the aesthetic turn the makers of automobile sirens have taken. How did we ever stand "Honk! Honk!" And how lovely is the passing concert now! As the light wanes, and we can no longer see the faces of the occupants of the cars, we judge from the music their horns are playing who and what they are. These airs are their musical coats-of-arms, as it were.

The horn of the Springfield "Sixty" on the other side of the road is stentorously giving forth Mephisto's "Song of the Golden Calf" from *Faust*. We suppose a Wall Street millionaire to be the occupant of the car, of course. Close behind we hear the chorale from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. This machine could not reasonably contain any one of less dignity than a Bishop.

A wild thing, turning the corner on one wheel, gets no further than "Drink to Me Only—" before it is out of sight and hearing, but this is sufficient to mark its occupants as the merriest of joy-riders.

Who could be using the "Jewel Song" from *Faust* except a tiara-crowned matron on her way to a glittering function? Or the "Wal-kyries' Cry" except a tonneau-load of vociferous and militant Suffragettes?

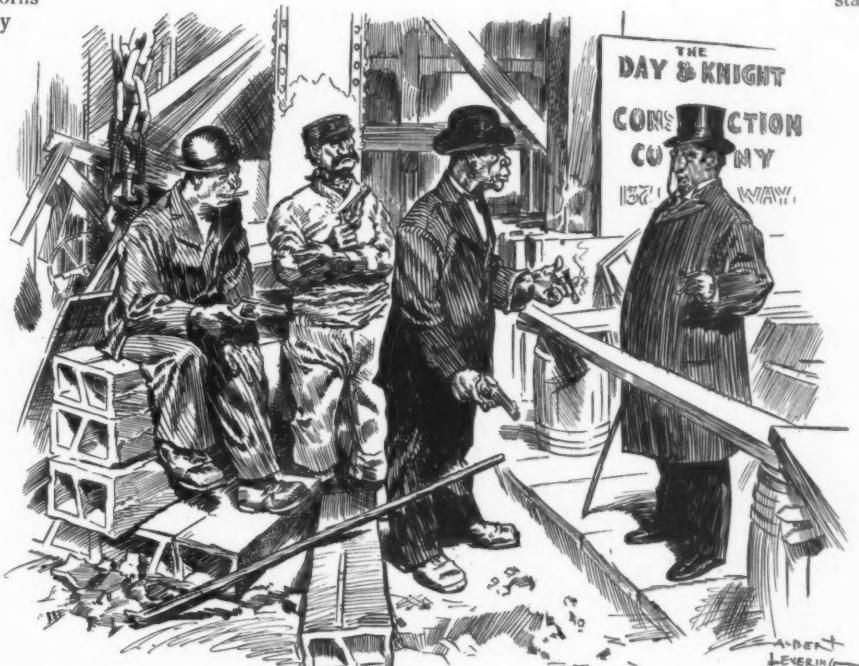
Yonder at great speed goes a police car playing Arthur Sullivan's "A Policeman's Lot is Not a Happy One," and here, jogging along in a last season's model, a prominent but by no means proud manufacturer of clocks, pouring forth with appropriate delicacy the "Dance of the Hours" from *Gioconda*.

But here are three abreast. The one on the outer side gives much prominence to an air from Verdi's *Masked Ball*. The middle one is playing the ballroom music from *Romeo and Juliet*, while the third gives emphasis to the

bawl of Fafner in *Siegfried*. Three balls. What else could the cars contain but a hilarious lot of Jews?

But ah—a disciple of the ultra modern school of music approaches. How beautifully his siren is cacophonating the finale of the first act of *Electra*! What power, what authority, what contrapuntal—Disillusionment! It is only a jam of a hundred cars trying to untangle itself, and each playing its own tune in the process of untangling. We should have known that no single auto horn could do justice to Richard Strauss.

Harvey Peake.



IN THEIR SPARE TIME.

**I**NNOCENT BYSTANDER.—I thought you fellows were striking for higher pay.  
**WORKMAN.**—We are, but the strike-breakers they hired to break the strike are striking for higher pay, so they've hired us strikers to break the strike of the strike-breakers. See?

### SAD BUT TRUE.

**T**HE milk of human kindness Is frugally dispensed And when e'er we do encounter it, It proves to be condensed!

### TWO SIDES.

**W**ILLIS.—Why don't you go to church?  
**GILLIS.**—Too far. Why don't you go?

**WILLIS.**—We live next door to one, and I hate to get all dressed up just to go that little way.

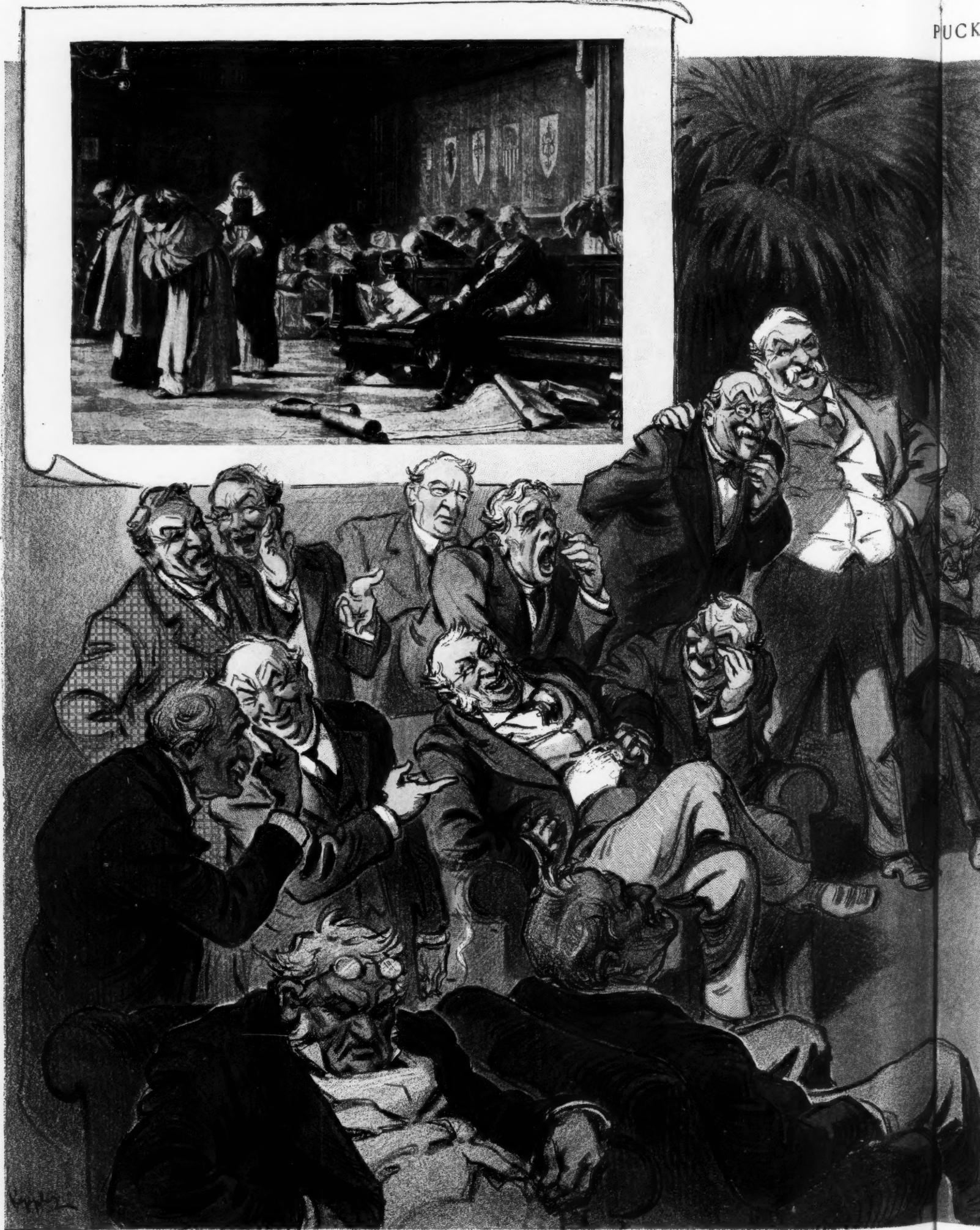
little and say less. To weep when the poor cry, for it costs nothing and makes me solid with the masses. To be healthy, wealthy, and wise, wealth and wisdom being the common stock. To seek education rather than refinement. And to be trusted rather than trusted. This is to be my Graftony.

### UNRESTRAINED.

**T**HE old tombstone, in the quaint fashion of its kind, implored the passer-by to pause and drop a tear; and no sooner had the beautiful girl read the inscription than she began to weep. But her mother reproved her.

"Cecilia," she exclaimed, "why can you not have more restraint? You are requested merely to drop a tear, and here you have burst into several!"

**N**otwithstanding all that's said, there are folks who keep on sowing the wind and expecting a crop failure.



"THERE IS A RICH LAND TO THE SOUTH"—THE PAN-AMERICAN  
THEY JEER AND SCOFF AT HIM NOW AS OTHERS JEERED AND SCOFFED



THE PAN-AMERICAN MERCURY TO THE YANKEE MANUFACTURERS.  
RED AND SPOFFED AT COLUMBUS WHEN HE TOLD THEM OF A LAND TO THE WEST.

# PUCK



## SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

WHEN EVERY WOMAN IS A SUFFRAGETTE BUT ONE—THIS ONE.



WEEK BEGINNING MARCH TWENTY-SEVENTH.

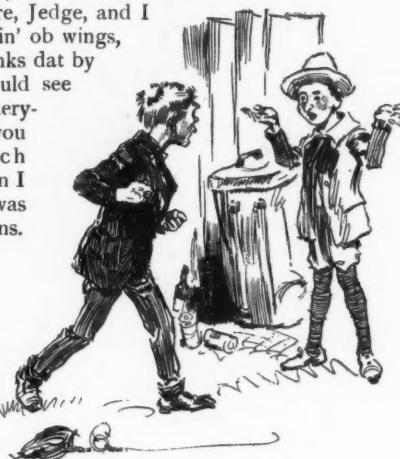
Academy of Music, 14th and Irving Pl. Academy of Music Stock Co. in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.  
Astor, Bway and 45th. "The Boss," with Holbrook Blinn. Evening 8:15. A play of labor conditions.  
Belasco, Bway nr. 44th. "The Concert," with Leo Ditrichstein. Evenings 8:15. Americanized version of a German farce.  
Bijou, Bway and 30th. "The Confession." Evenings 8:15. A modern religious drama.  
Broadway, Bway and 41st. Lew Fields in "The Henpecks." Evenings at 8. A musical novelty in nine pictures.  
Casino, Bway and 39th. Louise Gunning in "The Balkan Princess." Evenings 8:15. An imported musical novelty in three acts.  
Collier's Comedy, 41st bet. Bway and 6th Av. William Collier in "I'll Be Hanged If I Do." Evenings 8:30. A comedy contrasting New York with Nevada.  
Columbia, Bway and 47th. Burlesque. Daily matinees 2:15. Evenings 8:15.  
Criterion, Bway and 44th. "Thais." Evenings 8:15. A dramatization from the opera of "Thais."  
Daly's, Bway and 30th. "Baby Mine." Evenings 8:30. A comedy farce.  
Empire, Bway and 40th. William Gillette in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.  
Gaiety, Bway and 46th. "Excuse Me." Evenings 8:15. A Pullman carnival in three sections.  
Garden, 27th and Madison Ave. Mildred Holland and company in repertoire. Evenings 8:15.  
George M. Cohan's, "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," with Hale Hamilton. Evenings 8:15. A new view of the confidence-man.  
Globe, Bway and 46th. Elsie Janis in "The Slim Princess," with Joseph Cawthorne. Evenings 8:20. A typical musical mixture.  
Grand Opera House, 8th Av. and 23d. Victor Moore in "The Happiest Night of His Life." Evenings 8:15. A modern musical mélange.  
Hackett, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Over Night." Evenings 8:20. A new farcical comedy of matrimonial mix-ups.  
Hammerstein's Victoria, 42d St. and Bway. All-Star Vaudeville. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.  
Herald Square, Bway and 35th. "Every Woman." Evenings 8:15. A modern Morality play.  
Hippodrome, 6th Av., 43d and 44th. "Marching Through Georgia." Evenings at 8. Spectacular and circus acts.  
Hudson, Bway and 44th. Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow." Evenings 8:30. A farcical romance by Avery Hopwood.  
Irving Place, Irving Place Theatre Stock Company. In repertoire. Evenings 8:15.  
Keith & Proctor's, Fifth Ave., Bway and 28th St. "A Romance of the Under-World," Belle Baker and Marion Murray & Co. Daily Matinees. Evenings 8:15.  
Knickerbocker, Bway and 39th. Maude Adams in "Chantecler." Edmond Rostand's dramatization. Evenings at 8.  
Liberty, 42d St. W. of Bway. Christie Macdonald in "The Spring Maid." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy.  
Lyceum, Bway and 45th. Minnie Maddern Fiske in "Becky Sharp." Evenings 8:15. Langdon Mitchell's dramatization.  
Lyric, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Deep Purple." Evenings 8:15. A play built around the badger game.  
Maxine Elliott's, 39th St. nr. Bway. "The Gamblers," with George Nash. Evenings 8:30. A drama of Wall Street life.  
Nazimova's, 39th St. nr. Bway. John Mason in "As a Man Thinks." Evenings 8:15. A new play in four acts by Augustus Thomas.  
New Amsterdam, 42d St. W. of Bway. "The Pink Lady." Evenings 8:15. A musical comedy founded on "La Satyre."  
New Theatre, Cent. Park West, 62d and 63d Sts. New Theatre Stock Co. in "The Blue Bird" and "The Piper." Evenings 8:30.  
Republic, 42d St. W. of Bway. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Evenings 8:15. From the stories by Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Shubert's New Winter Garden, 7th Av. and 51st St. Musical Revue with Kitty Gordon, Mizzi Hajos, and others. Evenings at 8. Continental idea of vaudeville.  
Wallack's, Bway and 30th. "Pomander Walk," with the original English company. Evenings at 8:15. A comedy of happiness.  
Weber's, Bway and 29th. "Alma, Where Do You Live?" with Truly Shattuck and John McCloskey. Evenings 8:15. A German farce with music.

## NOT ONE.

JUDGE.—Well, sir, what excuse have you got to offer this time?

'RASTUS (*up for the seventeenth time on chicken-stealing charge*).—Yo' see, I was a-goin' by dere, Jedge, and I hears de flappin' ob wings, and I dun thinks dat by goin' in I could see one ob dem aeroplane dat you hear so much 'bout, an' when I gets in dere was nuffin but chickens.



## REVENGE.

CASHIER.—But there is not a cent here to pay this check of yours.

FAIR CUSTOMER.—I am glad that you have confessed. If your bank is as hard up as that, you can give me what money I have here and I will take my account to a safer institution.

## HIS SOLUTION.

SOCIOLOGIST.—The poor have to live in dark rooms.

PHILANTHROPIST.—Dark rooms, eh? Why don't these people adapt themselves to their surroundings, and take up photography instead of sewing?

THE COMING WOMAN was probably delayed by her hobble-skirt.

## Among the White Lights.



XVIII.—MAUDE ADAMS AS "CHANTECLER."

**R**iches may not help a man into heaven, but poverty can help him a long way toward the other place.

# LOYALTY



## AN EXAMINATION PAPER.

**T**HE following remarkable answers were recently given at an examination for teachers in New York. The questions were for the purpose of testing the general culture of the applicants:

1. Who built the ark? Theodore Shonts.

2. Who interpreted Pharaoh's dream? Eusapia Palladino.

3. Who received the Ten Commandments? J. P. Morgan.

4. Who led the Israelites into the Promised Land? Senator Guggenheim.

5. Who slew the prophets of Baal? Lyman Abbott.

6. Who preached in Athens the unknown god? Charley Murphy.

7. Who wrote the Book of Revelations? Thomas W. Lawson.

8. Who raised the siege of Orleans? Andrew Jackson.

9. Who was the author of *The Divine Comedy*? Ann Dante.

10. Who was the author of "The Declaration of Independence"? Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

11. Who was the author of *Faust*? Anheuser Busch.

12. Who said "England expects every man to do her duty"? Lillian Pankhurst.

13. Who was the author of *Les Misérables*? Nell Brinkley.

14. Who said *L'Etat, c'est moi!*? Theodore Roosevelt.

## POOR.

**M**R. HIGHUPP.—How was the new rector's sermon?

**M**RS. BLASÉ.—Very disappointing. He was going to talk on "Revelations," and all the scandals that he had to offer were about cities and people dead and gone centuries ago!

## THE NEW AGRICULTURE.

"**I** CALC'LATE my boy Seth is goin' ter come back to the old farm after all when he gits through up there to college," said granger Timothy Seede as he leaned on the top rail of the acre-lot fence and conversed with neighbor Joel Haycock, in his buckboard in the road.

"Sho'! You don't say?" said Joel. "I thought the boy was goin' ter quit the farm."

"Well, it did look like that fer a spell, but I guess he's thought better on it, fer he sent his ma and me home a newspaper piece which says that he 'plowed up the field for many yards and his team never pulled better together.' Gosh, he'd never touch a plough at home here!"

## VILLAINOUS.

**S**HE buried her face in her hands. But the villain, so far from being affected by the sight, could jest horribly.

"If she buried it in the garden she could n't dig it up so easily!" he cackhannated.

## LITERAL.

"**P**OP, tell me some conundrums." "Conundrums? Why, I don't know any conundrums, my son."

"Oh yes, you do! I heard Mother tell Aunt Mary the other day that you keep her guessing most of the time."



## THE TEST OF SOCIAL STANDING.

**O**LD PORKENLARRD.—Sh! My wife has a pearl necklace concealed in her bonnet!

**C**USTOMS' INSPECTOR.—Huh?

**O**LD PORKENLARRD.—Don't overlook it, that's all! She wants to get her name in the papers as a society leader!



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### Don't Wear a Truss



SORRY HE ASKED.

FITZNODLE.—Who is that strange-looking man who stares at me so much?

SHE.—Oh, that's Mr. Mancegga, the eminent insanity expert.—*M. A. P.*



"WHAT is your boy learning at college?"

"I don't know. I can only tell you what he is studying."—*Springfield Republican.*

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**HAD NO CHOICE.**  
"You say you were in a saloon at the time when the alleged assault took place?" a lawyer asked of a witness the other day.

"Yes sir, I was," the witness admitted.

"H'm," the lawyer pursued, "that is interesting. And did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?"

"I don't know what he called it, sir," came the reply with perfect ease, "but I took what the rest did."—*Philadelphia Times.*

JONES.—Hi, Smith, who are you working for?

SMITH.—Same people. Wife and five kids.—*Lampon.*

### Boston Garter



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**SHE WON.**  
CHURCH.—I see your neighbor has a black eye.  
GOTHAM.—Oh yes.

CHURCH.—Who gave it to him?  
GOTHAM.—His wife.

CHURCH.—I'm surprised. How did it happen?

GOTHAM.—Oh, they had an argument over just where the "God Bless Our Home" motto should be hung!—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**ABE MARTIN SAYS:**

A State bank wuz robbed by outside parties yesterday. "Don't eat when you're tired" may be good advice, but it's hard on mother.—*Indianapolis News.*

### Club Cocktails

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PROFESSOR.—I really think there must be something peculiar about my hat, for this morning some little boys inquired where I had purchased it, and do you know, Marion, for the life of me I couldn't remember.—*Punch.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

### EASILY REPAIRED.

Shortly after the return from their honeymoon, a young couple of Cleveland undertook housekeeping, the bride being especially desirous to put into practice the lessons she had taken in cooking.

Returning home one evening, the husband found his wife in tears. Between sobs he managed to learn from her that something terrible had happened.

"Dearie," she gulped, "it does seem too awful that the very first meat-pie I should bake for you should be eaten by the cat!"

"That's all right, my love," said the husband, patting her on the shoulder, "I'll get you another cat right away."—*Harper's Weekly.*

# HUNTER RYE



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THE PERFECTION OF  
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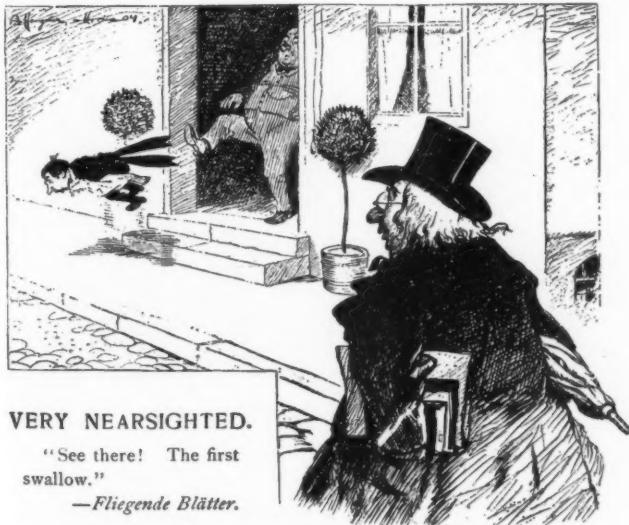
#### JUST PROVOCATION.

PATIENCE.—How did you rip the sleeves of your new dress, dear?

PATRICE.—Raising my hands suddenly.

"But you shouldn't raise your hands suddenly when you have on such a tight-fitting gown."

"Well, I guess you wouldn't stop to think of your gown if somebody at a function whispered in your ear that the rat in your hair was showing!"—*Yonkers Statesman*.



#### VERY NEARSIGHTED.

"See there! The first swallow."  
—*Fliedende Blätter*.

A bottle of Abbott's Bitters should be on every table to serve with the soup course. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"You can't see the leading lady now; she is busy in the dressing-room."  
"Is she changing her costume for the next act?"  
"No, this is an Ibsen play. She is merely making up her mind."—*Cornell Widow*.

A COLLEGE GIRL'S DAY.  
She breakfasts on a pickle,  
And then the custom is  
To go and spend a nickel  
Upon a glass of fizz.

Along about ten-thirty  
She needs some solid fare,  
And goes with Grace and Gertie  
To purchase an *éclair*.

At twelve on pie she lunches,  
And through the afternoon  
From time to time she munches  
A dainty macaroon.

Her pocketbook she'll pillage  
At dusk, and gayly trudge  
To purchase in the village  
Ingredients for fudge.

At night, with loosened tresses,  
It is her dearest wish  
To cook up awful messes  
Upon the chafing-dish.

And when she's done with brewing,  
And all the house is dumb,  
She goes to bed still chewing  
Her little wad of gum.  
—*Kansas City Journal*.

#### WHERE TWO IS A CROWD.

Two oysters were in a big pot full of milk, getting ready for stew. Said one oyster to the other:

"Where are we?"

"At a church supper," was the reply. Whereupon the little oyster said:  
"What on earth do they want of both of us?"—*Milwaukee Free Press*.

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#### AS HE UNDERSTOOD IT.

On Monday Flannigan had met with an accident, but on Wednesday he again appeared on the job.

"Arrah, why did n't ye shtay home for a week or two?" said Finnigan; "worn't ye carryin' an accidint policy?"

"I wor not,—bad cess to me carelessness," said Flannigan sorrowfully; "I had left it home in th' bureau drawer!"—*Sunday Magazine*.

"Do you act toward your wife as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her: I used to hang over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act the same way now when I get home late."—*Houston Post*.

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*Properly used,  
the Best and Most  
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#### TRYING TIMES.

"Doing well, young man, I see."  
"No; just struggling along."  
"But that fine adding-machine?"  
"A demonstrator left it on trial."  
"That new typewriter?"  
"An agent forced it on me for a month."  
"At least those expensive cigars denote ready money."  
"No, I smoke ten and return the rest."—*Washington Herald*.

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SLOW PROGRESS.

CADDIE.—Hi, Billy! Call in an' tell muver that I don't think I shall be 'ome for dinner nor tea, but ask her to keep me some supper!—*London Opinion*.

**Caroni Bitters**—Unexcelled with Lemonade, Soda, Gin, Sherry & Whiskey. Indispensable for a perfect cocktail. Oct. C. Blache & Co., 78 Broad St., N. Y., Gen'l Distrs.

#### WHERE HE SLEPT.

There used to be a company of brave fire-laddies in Albany, Ore., known as the Linn County Fire Company No. 2. It was a volunteer organization, and pretty near all of the best people in the city belonged to it, including United States Senator Chamberlain.

In this town was a young lawyer whose father was very rich and who had been to an Eastern law-school. Since his graduation he had done nothing except open an office. This young lawyer was proposed for membership in the Linn County Fire Company.

"We cannot elect him," one of the members protested. "The constitution of our company says that the members of it must sleep in Albany and live here in the city; and he lives out of town on a farm and not in the city at all. He would be of no value at all in case of a fire at night. He does n't sleep here at night."

"No," replied Chamberlain, "it is true he doesn't sleep here at night, but he sleeps here in his office all day."

And they elected him on that ground.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

# Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Bottled only at the Spring, Neuenahr, Germany,  
and Only with its Own Natural Gas.

#### DRIVING A BARGAIN.

The genuine Yankee peddler passed out of existence with the creation of the "notion store," but he was a most interesting character, astonishingly sharp and frequently amusing. One such appeared in a general store in a Southern town on one occasion, deposited his pack on the floor, and remarked to the merchant: "I guess I could n't drive a trade with you, colonel?"

"I reckon you calculate just about right," replied the merchant decidedly, who had "had dealings" with Yankee peddlers on previous occasions. "Get out!"

"Oh, well, don't get riled up—no harm done. Now just look at this dozen genuine razor strops, easy worth \$3—let you have 'em for \$2, colonel."

"I would n't touch any of your trash—you get out," the merchant declared.

"Now, colonel, I always like to do some business in a place. Tell you what: I'll bet you \$5 that if you make an offer for them strops we'll make a trade."

"I'll go you," said the merchant, "and," he added when the stakes had been put up, "I'll give you a quarter for the strops."

"They're yours, colonel," said the Yankee, pocketing the wager.—*Chicago Tribune*.

WARDEN.—No'm, the guy that killed his family ain't here no more. The gov'nor pardoned him.

THE VISITOR.—What a shame! I've brought him a lot of roses! What other murderers have you?—*Cleveland Leader*.

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GARAGE OWNER.—Certainly. Don't you know there's nothing surer than death and taxis?—*Woman's Home Companion*.

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## There's Age in every drop



"YES, Clarence," said the beautiful typist, patting the millionaire's scant gray hair, "I will marry you, but I have one request to make."

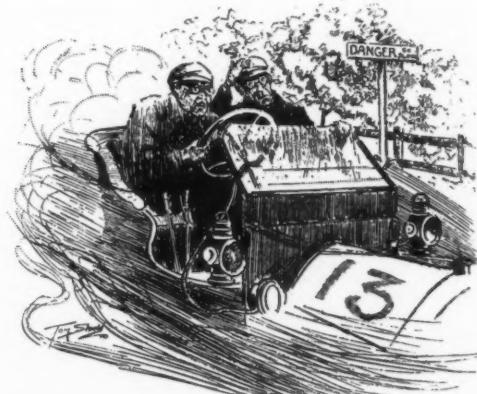
"Name it, my love," said the doting old man.

"Let me select," she replied, "my successor at this desk."—*Washington Star*.

## In the Spring Man's Fancy naturally turns to Evans' Ale

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### LIKELY TO BREAK—THE RECORD.

DUST DODGER.—Do you think we will arrive home before sundown?

2ND DO.—Sure of it; it's all downhill, and some dashed thing's gone wrong, so that I can't stop her.—*Sydney Bulletin*.

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
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"PLEASE, suh," asked little Ephr'm of his Sunday-school teacher; "please, suh, huccome Pontius Pilate got sich er cu'ious name?"

"Pauchius Pilate, ma boy," Mr. Blackburn replied with profound dignity, "wuz so called because he wuz a man ob generous propo'tions."—*Harper's Weekly*.

IT DIDN'T LOOK THAT WAY.  
"Is the guv'nor in?" asked the visitor.

The office-boy, with his chair tilted back and his legs stretched out upon the desk, made no reply.

"I asked if the guv'nor was in," said the visitor.

The office-boy threw him a disdainful glance, blew a cloud of cigarette smoke down his nostrils, and resumed his reading.

"Did n't you hear me?" snapped the visitor.

"O' course I 'ear you," answered the office-boy scornfully.

"Then why the dickens don't you tell me if the guv'nor's in?"

"Now I arsk yer," retorted the office-boy, as he re-crossed his legs upon the desk and prepared to resume his reading, "does it look like it?"—*Answers*.

### LANDLORD AND TENANT.

Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall.

"Thank goodness," he cried, "that will force the landlord to re-paper the room."

Herewith he wished it had extended to the whole flat.—*The Sun*.

### EDITORIAL HAZING.

"I hear you actually encourage your boy to send poetry to the magazines. Do you want your son to become a poet?"

"No; I merely want him to get the conceit knocked out of him."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### THOSE NEW RULES.

"Why was Binks put out of the game yesterday?"

"He had n't shaved and was disqualified for unnecessary roughness."—*Yale Record*.

"I DON'T like my new gown very well," said the young lady. "The material is awfully pretty, and the style is all right, but it needs something to improve the shape of it."

"Why," suggested her dearest friend, "don't you let some other girl wear it?"—*Boston Globe*.



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